

Ghost of Kiri

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Summary: Clouded in mystery, once abandoned, the lonely child weeps under the embrace of the moonlight. His hands stained with the blood of the battlefield, his only purpose invited by countless. The glory of a thousand faint echoes, gone with a gleam of steel. My profession is not to be taken lightly, now let us discuss. The price? My loyalty to my nation and those precious to me.

Ghost of Kiri

****This is another idea I had regarding the Naruto series. While my first story was full of ideas I had, I doubted it was 'fulfilling' since I became one of the norms amongst fan fiction writers. Which primarily translated to Team 7 bashing and all sorts of nonsense where I make Naruto too overpowered for enemies to defeat. Thus, I endeavored to change that, I wanted something realistic, something not too far-fetched and allowed my main character to feel normal, which I really hope would work out. Yes, my character in this story may seem overpowered in some sense, which you will come to understand soon, but I will make the enemies even tougher to accommodate for the actual S-rank standards we have of some characters.****

****Disclaimer: The Naruto series has so many flaws and plot holes that so many wishes to own it, simply to correct the mistakes. But alas, I and my fellow writers do not own it.****

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<p>Chapter 1: ****The Lost Child****

Was it good that I was born?

The splashing of puddles could be heard; the darkness of the alleyway consumed the shadow of the robed figure. The cracking of fire could be heard, followed by the yells of the angered and the oblivious. The robed figure glanced back, the once innocent eyes now full of fear

and sorrow, panting away while fearing for his life.

A dead end, the figure was able to, at least, able to make out the description of his surroundings.

All around him, venomous words filled his head, the judgement of retribution all placed on him, what right did they have to do this to him? What did he do to deserve this?

Would anyone shed a single tear for me if I died now?

Resigning to his fate, he turned around to witness the crowd of sinners before him, yet they themselves claim that he was a sinner, far worse than they ever were. Yet, what was he to say, nothing could get to their heads, their thoughts crumbled and influenced by alcohol. This wasn't the first time, yet he was sure this wasn't the last; the cycle of suffering of three years had an effect on him.

He was more tuned to the emotions that others portrayed without visible witness, the scorns of people that once greeted him with glee and cheerfulness were now replaced by disdain and disgust. No longer was he in a village full of love and care, the façade of it vanished and his eyes bore witness to the worse of human nature. He was able to sense the entire pure form of evil that the human nature encompass, he knew where people were and were able to escape at times, but his body was not built for that.

Looking up, the light of the fire illuminated the path, the shadows licking away at the figure, yet from another perspective, one would question, why was he so small? Judging from his height, he could be no more than a mere child, less than 10 years in fact, so what could a mere child have done to warrant the wrath of the villagers?

"Demon"

"Monster"

"Abomination"

They called me names, such horrible names, why?

"It's time for you to die for what you did long ago; the dead would be at peace with you gone."

Those words were spoken as if they were rehearsed, yet they pointed to one thing, the child was the incarnation of death, what was the reason? Taking a step back as they approached closer, the walls captured its prey, the hunters now prepared to kill their target. Inside the young boy's mind, the feeling of dread and adrenaline filled him again, he knew this feeling and he felt it before.

A few months ago, he was unlucky enough to get caught stealing, other children would get a stern warning, but him? He was given something akin to a death sentence, mobs of people called for his death, the council declined. They took matters into their own hands and drove him to the point of near death, leaving him for the rats and maggots to feast on his body.

He recovered of course, but now he was sure that the people here were

going to finish the job and he was scared. Fear. The feeling had been obvious for the later part of his years, he was sick and tired of it, yet what could he do? He was just a meagre boy, not yet capable of defending himself, only able to run and cry for help.

Nobody was there to help him; he was disowned, thrown out like trash, discarded as if he was filth that belonged to the streets. He hadn't asked for much, he just wanted it all to end, to go back to the way things were, it didn't happen even after three years of praying. He resolved himself; he wanted to know why, what caused the change to happen? He was seeking the truth of what happened on that very night, that was the whole point of his existence at the moment, the drive needed to survive and live another day.

However, he had to deal with his current predicament.

I want my old life back, where everything was happy in my own little world, why did it change?

Grabbed by the scruff of his robe, lifted high into the air, his hood fell as the light shone on his features. Crimson red hair, once akin to fire itself but now so murky with the amount of grime on it, ocean blue eyes that one could stare for hours, now dull and blank, his face withered and skinny, the bones of his arms were visible. The boy looked to be about 8 years old, what kind of child deserved this kind of treatment?

Struggle all he could, the grip of his captor was too strong and the breath he emitted was heavy with alcohol. He swung him over his shoulder as he was carried, the boy wondered, _'This isn't the usual treatment, where are they taking me?'_

Obviously, the difference caused a feeling to swell up in him, young and misguided, happiness was apparent. Maybe they finally stopped and were bringing him back, maybe they finally were going to apologise for what they did, and maybe they were going to bring him back to treat him better? Looking back, he had to admit, that he once thought of stupid ideas, but what would you expect?

After an eternity, he was brought into the forest, the echo of birds and the sound of nature were familiar to him and it was after all his home, a place where he could live in solitude and peace. A sudden jerk on his robe forced him to fly towards a tree, smashing into it and causing a dent to form, pain filtered through his body as he tried to get up.

The sudden swishing sound in the wind caused him to look up at his surroundings; he was suspended in the air, looking at his captors in the same height. Stinging pain rushed through his limbs, glancing at each one, he realised that he was pinned by four weapons that the people used for combat. Blood spurted out and he opened his mouth to let out a cry of pain, yet nothing came out as he was hit in the gut by a full powered punch, all the minuscule amounts of food he had earlier were spewed out.

After a heart-wrenching moment, he looked up again only to see a fist coming at him again, exactly the same fist yet with more power behind it. Punch after punch, his face no longer recognisable and his body caved in and his bones were most likely cracked, he was a mess. Yet he faced his captors with as much vigour as he could muster, he would

survive, survive another day to find out the truth. His captors were not amused.

"Look at the demon, still has some fire in its eyes."

"Well then you know what to do, gotta get rid of this thing."

"Yes, we're gonna be heroes after this, the slayers of the demon."

Was this how my life was meant to be?

The punches and kicks stopped, he spat out the blood that clogged up in his throat, with a strain of his neck and he saw all his captors lined up in one row, holding their hands in a weird sign. Their chest puffed up, they blew out fire, fire that was aimed at him.

Skin crackled and sizzled, the burning stench of flesh filled his nose, it was nauseating and the feeling of being burned alive caused him to let out a blood-curdling scream that filled the forest. Tears that were being generated dried up and his eyes were scrunched shut, this was a whole new level of pain that he experienced.

He wanted it to stop, the pain, the suffering, the agony of being killed and the fear that he would never find out the truth. Human nature kicked in, the will to survive, the will to fight back and the will to kill in order to end the suffering.

'_Please, somebody end this pain. I can't take any more of this; I'll do anything, so please stop it!_'_

Wailing inside his head as he was slowly being burnt to a crisp, the dormant power inside of him surfaced in the form of a red miasma of immense power despite the lithe amounts of it. The stress of the current situation caused rapid changes to the boy, his fiery red hair now turned snowy white, his blue irises turned a wild red with slitted eyes then they faded away to a forest green, his more prominent facial features vanished only to be replaced with perfectly unmarred skin. His once pale skin that was burned to a disgusting black started receding back and perfectly healed skin sprouted out again.

The red shroud faded away only to be replaced with a golden glow that appeared and enveloped him, shielding him from the flames that sought to burn him alive. The fires were slowly being pushed back from the overwhelming force of the dormant power and bowed down in command of their superior.

The captors were stunned, to say the least by the turn of events, causing their control over the fire to wane, allowing the glow enough time to reform into chains. Literal chains of golden colour with spiked tips appeared from the back of the boy's body, their master was in danger, their master wanted the suffering to end and they would serve their master willingly. The chains spanned out with unnatural speed and sought after their targets, screams could be heard as people ran for their lives yet the chains offered no mercy.

Blood painted the landscape as all targets were eliminated with frightening accuracy, sensing that all imminent danger was gone; the

chains slowly receded back into the boy whose head fell downwards as his skin was charred and his mouth agape and his eyes blank. The suffering ended which was all it mattered to the boy, his body ached and the smell of blood and burnt flesh was putrid and left him in a dizzy fit.

His eyes could not see anything, even the flames licking around him but the screams that he heard from his captors echoed in his head, gritting his teeth, the emotion rose up again, fear. He was scared again, the screams, the pain, it was all too much for such a young boy to bear.

In this world filled with humanity's deepest evil, good men fall and wars rise, am I doomed to live in this hell called reality?

His body still attached to the tree as the fire roared around him, his body numb of pain from the overwhelming pressure on his physical and mental state, there was not a lot that an 8-year-old could take. Unbeknownst to him, the night was particularly chilly and the breeze just seemed to oblige to fate's whims. Fire increased in tenacity and blood boil in the soaked soil of death, glancing down he noted that the tree had been caught ablaze.

The fire slowly licking away at his feet, his senses returned to him in full force as he comprehended his predicament. After surviving his torment under the hands of evil's wrath, he knew the term death very well, so well did he encounter it numerous times that he often wondered, was death his best friend? Looking to claim him to have a good cup of tea and a game of chess as he swings his scythe menacingly with a nonchalant face as if it was an everyday occurrence?

Struggling against the appendages that held him still, he ignored the stinging pain accompanying it and focused all his attention on removing said appendages. So focused he was that he didn't feel the heat and the promise of death creeping up on him, it was only when he yelped from the heat stinging his bottoms did he understand.

Eyes widening in fear and closing in comprehension, he laid stock still against the crackling wood, knowingly accepting his fate as unshed tears now flowed freely. Was this how it was going to end? Was his gift of life going to be thrown away by this mere coincidence of fate? Was he going to go out knowing that his life filled with pain and suffering, yet he never knew the reason why? What about finding out the truth?

Was I going to allow the sinners who judged me for sins not justified the satisfaction of seeing me go in such a pathetic way?

Truth. His only source of encouragement, his drive to survive and his hunger for survival to seek it. Just like the moon. It seemed so everlasting, so far out that he could barely fit the visage of it with his tiny hands, so beautiful just like the truth he was seeking. On nights where he slept on the cold hard floor of unforgiven pain, he dreamt of freedom, peace and the moon.

With renewed vigour and new found willpower, he continued his previously futile attempt at survival, yet he could feel success from the slight movements. Success setting in and the promise of freedom

right in front of him, he struggled valiantly to reach it. However, it seemed that fate was playing a rather cruel game tonight.

He felt it. Felt it so damn close that he could taste it and it was taken away from him. The tree broke apart under the inferno where it caved into its greatest enemy, the tree fell backwards at a lumbering's pace. Feeling morbid dread in his tiny fragile body, he fought against the bindings with a vigour that Spartans would sing praises of. Yet it was as if the bindings themselves were blessed with divinity and trapped the poor fool that it ensnared.

Feeling the rush of wind battling his face, he looked the sky and the moon, time stopped in that instance as memories played in his head. Tears shed again when he realised that he was no longer allowed to live through such precious moments with the laughter and joy of life. He closed his eyes in anticipation for his impending doom, the fire that displayed such vigour was snuffed out as he realised that willpower alone would not do him any good.

There was no one now to show it to, to prove that he would survive, and to show the determination of a warrior. Instead, all that was left was an empty shell crafted from the wrath of the world as it took another victim yet again. What he needed, however, was a new chance, the refresh of a new life to right the mistakes imparted on him, to live till the day where he would smite Kami in her face for dooming him to such hell.

I need to change my fate. I need to show the world its mistakes. I need FREEDOM!

Instead of impacting the cold unforgiving ground where he would have lay splat as a smudge of trash that the earth itself would not bother with, his face which was now facing downwards similarly to the cat effect came into contact with harsh cold water. The height and speed travelled left a stinging sensation on his skin, but it was quickly replaced by the new sensation in his limbs, freely leaking life source in the water.

Mouth agape and gargling from the pain and sudden influx of water, the taste of seawater and copper left him in a weird form of limbo. His form was still as the currents carried him forwards, he was finally free when a sudden strong current destroyed the tree and knocked him astray.

As he lay in the water, with his vision growing dark from the lack of oxygen, he tried to reach out with his last bits of strength to the blurry image of the moon faded from his eyes as everything turned dark with his last thoughts being nothing but a murmur.

Freedom at last.

* * *

><p>Point to note, I will be writing based on the first-person perspective of my main character in the future chapters, so make sure to understand that.

**So some might wonder what's going on in this chapter, others might say, "Oh! Another neglect fic where MC kicks abusive people ten days to Sunday, I wish to correct that thinking. This fic is much deeper

than that, and I want you guys to think. Sorry."**

Here's are some clue to solve the mystery that would be given a long way ahead in this fanfic.

1. Senses are what allow humans to perceive and establish their understanding of the world, what can changes to this do?

2. Humans are inherently selfish creatures, they want what they cannot have, so what lengths would they go to reach their goals?

3. Is everything we see with our eyes truly real, or are they simply facades?

End
file.